

Binder: None  
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Title: untitled songbook

Date: Undated, but Korea or later

Description: Photocopy of song texts without cover or contents (stapled). Two  
11x14" pages copied.

Source: Jetz Collection

THE YOUNG PURSUER

Tune: Wabash Cannon Ball

Beside a Korean Waterfall, one bright and sunny day  
Beside his shattered Sabrojet, a young pursuiter lay  
His parachute hung from a near-by tree, he was not yet quite dead  
Now listen to the very last words this young pursuiter said

I'm going to a better land,  
Where everything is bright,  
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles  
Play poker every night

There's never anything to do  
But sit around and sing  
And all the crews and women.....  
Oh death, where is thy siting?

Oh death where is thy sting ting-a-ling  
Oh death where is thy sting  
Where all the crews are women  
Oh death where is thy sting.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, Blow it out your ass, (Three times)  
Better days are coming by and by.

THE SABRE SONG

It was midnight in Korea, all the pilots were in bed  
When up stepped Colonel \_\_\_\_\_, and this is what he said:  
Sabres--gentle Sabres--Sabres one and all  
Sabres--gentle Sabres gentle pilots--and all the pilots shouted "Balls"  
When up stepped a young Lieutenant, with a voice as harsh as brass  
"You can take those God damn Sabre Jack  
And shove them up your ass.

(CHORUS)

Oh Halleluia! Oh Halleluia!  
Throw a nickle on the grass, save fighter pilot's ass,  
Oh Halleluia! Oh Halleluia!  
Throw a nickle on the grass, and you'll be saved.

I was cruising down the Yalu--going six-twenty per  
When I gave a call to the Major, "Oh, won't you save me sir!"  
Got three big flak holes in my wing, my tanks ain't got no gas  
MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY!, There six Migs on my ass. (CHORUS)

I made my traffic pattern; to me it looked all right  
I turned onto the final-- My God, I raked it tight  
My airspeed read one-thirty--the engine gave a wheeze  
MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY!, Spin instructions please. (CHORUS)

Fucked up my crosswind landing; my left wing hit the ground  
there came a call from the tower: "Pull up and go around!"  
I raked that sabre in the air, a dozen feet or more  
The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor.  
(CHORUS)



## THE TINKER

The lady of the mansion, was dressing for a ball when she espied a tinker, pissing up against the wall.

(CHORUS)

With his great big kidney wiper and balls as big as three and a yard and a half of foreskin hanging down below his knee.

The Lady wrote a letter and in it she did say,  
I'd rather be fucked by the tinker than my husband any day.

Oh the tinker got the letter and when it he did read,  
His balls slung o'er his shoulder and his penis by his side.

Oh, he rode up to the mansion he rode up to the hall,  
Jor' Blyme? said the butler he has come to fuck us all.

Oh, he fucked them in the parlor he fucked them on the beds,  
Lord save us? Cried the chambermaids, We've lost our maidenheads.

Oh he fucked the Duchess standing he fucked her against the wall,  
But when he fucked the butler twas the dirtiest trick of all.

Oh, he rode out from the mansion he rode into the street.  
With little drops of semen pattering at his feet  
Oh, the tinkers dead and buried I'll bet he's gone to hell  
He said he'd fuck the devil and I'll bet he's done it well.

## LITTLE RED LIGHT

(My Blue Heaven)

A turn to the right, a little red light, will lead you to my  
Red Heaven.

You'll see a smiling face on a pillowcase, a form divine.

Just a little old whore who's been screwed before.

A thousand times.

Just Molly and me, there'll never be three.

We're careful in our RED HEAVEN

## TOGETHER

We both got drunk together, Took off our junk together  
Lay in a bunk together, But it was no joke-- when the rubber broke.

Now we have twins together, for we have sinned together

Now trade it from me, keep good company and keep both your legs together.

## TUNE--CLEMINTINE

Cigarettes, Chocoletos, Chewing gum---HAVA NO

Shibi shibi, no presento

Sayanaro, come again.

## OUTHOUSE SONG

Please don't burn our shit house down, Mother will surely pay  
Father's away on the old Yalu, Sister's in the family way  
Brother's has the social disease, Times is fucking hard  
So please don't burn our shithouse down, or we'll have to shit in the yard

### OLD GREY BUSTLE (Grey Bonnet)

Put on your old grey bustle and get out and hustle, For tomorrow the room rent's coming due. Put your ass in clover let the boys look it over, if you can't get "5" take "2".

Put on those old pink panties, that used to be your aunties, and we'll go for a tussle in the hay. Now there's no use ducking, cause you're going to get a fucking, in the good old fashioned way.

Put on that old blue ointment, the crabs disappointment, and we'll kill those bastards where they lay. Though it itches and it scratches It'll kill those sons-o-bitches in the good old fashioned way.

### CATS ON THE ROOF TONS

The hippopotamus so it seems, seldom if ever has wet dream but when he does he comes in streams, as we

(CHORUS)

Cats on the roof tons, cats on the tiles, cats with the syhillis cats with the piles, cats with their ass holes wreathed in smiles as we revel in the joys of copulation

Down in the Pampas, in the grass, Mamma Armadillo has an iron bound ass, but Pappa Armadillo has a prick of brass, as we

Way down south where the alligators roar, there isn't such a thing as an alligator where, because all the alligators are to sore as we---  
**WHORE**

Now the donkey on the common is a jolly old bloke, he very, very seldom gets his poke, but when he soes he llets it soak, as we----

Oh the ostrich is a funny old dick, it isn't very often that he dips his wick, but when he does, he dips it quick, as he revels in the joys of copulations.

### BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

An airman told me before he died, and I don't think that the bastard lied, that he had a wife with a cunt so wide, that she could never be satisfied.

So he invented a prick of stool, driven by a bloody great wheel Two brass balls all filled with cream, and thwwhole fucking issue was driven by steam.

Round and around went the bloody great wheel, in and out went the prick of steel, until at last the maiden cried, enough, enoughed I'm satisfied.

But now we come to the bitter bit, there was no way of stopping it she was split from her ass to her tit, and the whole fucking issue was covered with shit.

Oh the 33/ is a very fine squadron, their pilots are all true blue, but they bring back drawers that smell like dogshit from the dogfights at old Sinanju.

## O'RILEY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sitting in O'Riley's taver, listening to the tales of  
blood and slaughter came a thought into my mind why not shag O'Riley's  
daughter

Fiddle-lee-I-ee, Fiddle-lee-I-Oh, Fiddle-lee-Iay for the one ball  
Riley, rid-a jif, balls and all, rub-a dub-shag on.

Grabbed that she bitch be the tits, then I threw my left leg over,  
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more, shagged until the fun  
was over

Came a knock upon the door, who could it be but her God Damn father  
Two horse pistols in his hands, looking for the man who shagged his  
daughter

Grabbed that bastard by the balls, shoved his head in a pail of water  
Rammed those pistols up his ass, damn sight farther than I shagged  
his daughter.

As I go walking down the street, people shout from every quarter  
There goes the God Damned son of a bitch, the guy who shagged  
O'Riley's daughter.

## THE MIGH 15

The prettiest ship----out on the line. The Mig 15 flies fast and fine

When we do up--- and fly at noon, the Mig 15 leaps off the moon

On all four planes--- we paint red stars, for mig 15 that land on mars

We chase them up---to fort-four, the Fox 86 ain't got much more

The throttles set---right at full blower

We'll never catch that little whore

We're coming home----and Casey calls, We're litting down no sweat at all

We're calling in-----with 13 chicks, 12 Mig 15s, one Fox 86

The moral of -----this stories clear, When you come home just check  
your rear.

Cause if you do-----I'm sure you'lll find, there's takusan Mig 15s behind

ON TOP OF OLD PYONG YANG

On top of old Pyong-yang, All covered with flak.

I lost my poor wingman, He never came back

For flying is pleasure, And crashing is grief.

And a quick-triggered Carmio, Is worse than a thief.

For a thief will just rob you, And take all you have.

But a quick-triggered Commie, will lead you to the grave.

And the grave will decay you, and turn you to dust,

Not one Mig in a thousand, that a sabre can trust,

They'll chase you and kill you, and send up more load,

Then cross tires on a railroad, or Migs overhead,

So come all you pilots, and listen to me,

Never fly to Sinanju, to old Kumu-re,

For the planes they will splatter, and the pilots will die,

You'll stay in Korea, and never more fly.

The point of this story, is plain to the eye,

Stay east of Camp Stoenman, and fight bye and bye.



## MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns was the queen of all the acrobats  
She could do the tricks that would give the cats the shits.  
Roll green peas from her fundamental orifice.  
Do a double flip and catch them on her tits.  
A great big son-of-a-bitch twice as big as me.  
Hair around her asslike the branch of a tree.  
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck.  
Roll a barrel, drive a truck.  
MARY ANN BURNS is the girl for me (My bloody ass).

## FRIGGIN'S IN THE RIGGING

Twas on the good ship Venus, My God you should have seen us,  
The giure head was a maid in bed, and the mast a rarrant penis.  
(CHORUS)

• Frigging in the rigging, Frigging in the rigging, Frigging in the  
rigging, There's fuck all else to do.

The skipper's wife was Mabel, Whenever she was able, She'd fornicatte  
with the second mate, Upon the chart room table.

The crew they were hard cases, You could see it in their faces,  
They took to frigging in the rigging, For want of better places.

The cabin boy's a nipper, His name was Jack the Ripper,  
He lined his ass with broken glass, And circumcised the skipper.

So drunk with exaltation, We reached out China station,  
and sunk a junk in a sea of spuk, caused by mutual masterbation.

## THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell (twice)  
The place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers, but there  
are no fighter pilots down in hell

( Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray, They're all in USO's  
wearing ribbons, fancy cloths, but there are no fighter pilots  
down in hell.

When a bomber jockey walks into a club, When a bomber jockey walks into  
a club, He doesn't drink his share of suds, All he does is "flub his dub.  
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.  
Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farco, the bomber pilots life  
is just a farce. The automatic pilots on, reading novels in the john,  
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in group, there are no fighter  
Pilots up in group, The place is full of brass, sitting on their  
fat ass, but there no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare, the bomber pilot never takes  
a dare, His gyros are uncaged and his women overage,  
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are fighter pilots in the states, there are no fighter  
pilots in the states, They're all on foreign shores, making mothers  
out of whores, but there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan, there are no fighter pilots  
in Japan, They're all across the bay, Getting shot at every day,  
but there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh its naughty, naughty, naughty, but its nice, If you ever so it  
once you'll it twice. It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the  
population, but there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

ZOOT SUITS AND PARACHUTES  
Tune Ball Bottom Trousers

Once there was a barmaid, down in Brewery Lane, Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same. Along came a pilot handsome as could be, He was the cause of all her misery.

(CHORUS)

Sings, zoot suits and parachutes and uniforms of blue, He'll fly a fighter like his Daddy used to do.

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head, She led him to the bedroom and tucked him into bed, and she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm, Climbs in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm.

No early in the morning before the break of day, A 5 lbs note he handed her, and this to her did lay, Take this my darling for all the harm I've done, For you may have a daughter and you may have a son. And if you have a daughter put ribbons in her hair, and if you have a son get the bastard in the air.

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see, Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee, The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly, Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by. Singing zoot suits and parachutes and uniforms of blue She'll never fly fighter like her Daddy use to do.

KIMPO SONATA

Oh I was sent to Nellis, oh I was sent to train, I learned how to bomb and strafe, from an aeroplane, oh I sent to Kimpo to be a killer too, But all I get is a bunch of SHIT from you and you and you I know a fighter pilot, no smile upon his face, and many a time I heard him say-----I HATE THIS FUCKING PLACE.....

THE MAN IN THE MOON

I wish all the girls were like little white rabbits, and I were a hare I would teach them bad habits.

(CHORUS)

Oh roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like bricks in a pile, and I were a mason I'd lay them in style

I wish all the girls were like bells in a tower, and I was a clapper I'd bang them by the hour.

Oh if all little girls were like fish in the ocean, and I were a whale I would teach them notion.

Oh if all little girls were like fish in the river, and I were a sandbar, I'd sure make them quiver,

Oh if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture, and I were a ram I'd make them run faster.

Oh if all little girls were like little red vixens and I were a fox I surely would fix 'em.

Oh, if all girls were like Hedy Lamarr, I'd try twice as hard and get twice as far.

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover, and I were a bull, I would chase them all over.

## GOR BLIMEY

Monday I touched her on the ankle, Tuesday I touched her on the knee,  
And Wednesday after noon, I lifted up her dress, and Thursday her  
chemise, GOR BLIMEY. Friday I put me hand up on it, Saturday she gave  
me balls a twack, and it was Sunday after supper, I rammed the ol' boy  
up her, and now I'm paying school boy a week, GOR BLIMEY.  
I don't to be a hero. I don't want to go to war, I'd rather hang  
around Picadilly underground, living off the doings of a high class  
laydie, Don't want a bullet in my backside, Don't want me buttocks  
shot away, I'd rather live in England, In jolly jolly England,  
and fornicate my fucking life away, Call out the army and the navy  
call out the rank and the file, Call out the bloody Territorials,  
They'll face danger with a smile, GOR BLIMEY, Call out the members  
of the old home guard, They'll keep England free, You can call out  
me mother, me sister or me brother, but for Christs sake,  
DON'T CALL ME.

## BANG IT INTO LULU

Some girls work in factories, Some girls work in stores,  
My girl works in a hotel, with forty other whores,  
(CHORUS)

Bang it into Lulu, Bang good and strong  
What'll we do for hanging, when Lulu is dead and gone.

Wish I was a Pisspot, under Lulu's bed, and every time she stooped  
to pee I'd see her maiden head.

Lulu had a bady, she had it on a rock, she couldn't call it Lulu  
Cause the bastard had a cock.

Lulu had a baby, She named it Swampy Jim, She threw him in the  
pisspot to teach it how to swim.

## MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes rum in the bathtub, my mother makes two kinds of gin,  
My sister makes love for a living, my god how the money rolls in  
(CHORUS)

Rolls in, rolls in, my god how the money rolls in, rolls in,  
Rolls in, rolls in, My god how the money rolls in.

My brother a postman may he slaves little girlies from sin,  
He'll save you a blander for five dollars, my god how the money rolls in.

My uncle paints real Frenchy postcards, my auntie she poses for him  
Her costume cost her a penny, my god how the money rolls in.

I tried making all kinds of whiskey, I tried making all kinds of gin  
I tried making love for a living, my god the condition I'm in.

Sin, gin, sin, gin, my god the condition I'm in, I'm in

Sin, gin, sin, gin, my god how the money rolls in

My father, he died in his bathtub, My mother, she died of her gin,  
My sister she married my brother—MY GOD WHAT A MESS I AM IN\*\*\*\*

## FIGHTER PILOTS HYMN

We fly our fucking Sabre jets at 40,000 fucking feet, We fly our  
fucking Sabre jets thru the rain and snow and sleet, And those we  
think we're flying south, We're flying fucking north, and we make  
our fucking land folk be the First of fucking Fourth.

(CHORUS)  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, Glory, Glory,  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

We fly our fucking Sabre jets at 40,000 fucking feet, We  
fly those fucking Sabre jets thru the trees and corn and wheat, And  
tho we think we fly with skill, we fly with fucking, But we don't give  
a fucking damn or dare a FUCKING FUCKING.



### THE HORSESHIT SONG

There was a flyer of great renown, There was a flyer of great renown  
There was a flyer of great renown, ~~AND \* THEN \* HE~~  
Fucked the girl from our town, Fucked the girl from our town  
Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, HORSESHIT

He laid her on the downy bed, He laid her on the downy bed  
He laid her on the downy bed, ~~AND-HE-~~  
Ripped out her maidenhead, Ripped out her maidenhead,  
H, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, -----HORSESHIT

He laid her down beside a stump, He laid her down beside a stump,  
He laid her down beside a stump, ~~AND-THEN-HE-~~  
Missed her cunt and split the stump, Missed her cunt and split the stump  
Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, -----HORSESHIT

He laid her on the dewey grass, He laid her on the dewey grass,  
He laid her on the dewey grass, ~~AND-HE-~~  
Shoved the old boy up her ass, Shoved the old boy up her ass.  
Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, -----HORSESHIT

He took her to the countryside, He took her to the countryside,  
He took her to the countryside, ~~AND-THEN-HE-~~  
Fucked the girl until she died, Fucked the girl until she died,  
Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, -----HORSESHIT

Soft and slow  
He took her to the burial ground, He took her to the burial ground,  
He took her to the burial ground

LOUD

~~AND-THEN-HE-~~

Thought he'd have another round, Thought he'd have another round  
Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, -----HORSESHIT, HORSESHIT.

### WOODPECKER SONG

L....I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole, And the woodpecker  
said: God Bless my Soul---Take it out---Take it out---Take it out  
---REEEEEEEEEEEEEmove it.

So....I took my finger out of the woodpecker's hole, and the wood  
pecker said: God Bless my Soul...Put it back---Put it back---Put it  
back-----REEEEEEEEEEEEE place it.

Take it out---Put it back---Take it out etc.  
REEEEEEEEEEE verse it.  
REEEEEEEEEEE verse it  
Roooooooooooo take it.

### REGULAR AIR FORCE

Here's the regular Air Force, They have such a wonderful plan  
They call up the god-damned RESERVIST, Whenever the shit hits the fan  
(CHORUS)

Fight on. Fight on. Fight on Regular Air Force---Fight on, fight on  
(REFEAT)

Here's to the Regular Air Force, with medals and badges galore,  
If it weren't for the god-damned Reservist, Their ass would be  
dragging the floor.

They call up every old pilot, they call up every young man.  
The Reservists get sent to Korea, The Regulars stay in Japan.

They called up a dozen more squadrons, Staffed by a Regular class,  
But when it came time for promotions, The Reservists got jabbed in  
the ass...

## THE SCOTH WEDDING

Oh the King was in his counting hourse, counting out his wealth  
The queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself.

(CHORUS)

Singing I'll do ye this time, I'll do it noc, the men that did it  
nighly, could na do it noc.

Oh the bride was in the bedroom, Explaining to the groom, The vagina  
not the rectum, Is the entrance to the womb.

Oh the parson's wife, so she was there, Seated fown in front  
Awreeth of roses round her neck and a carrot up her cunt.

Oh the village parson, oh he was there and very surprised to see,  
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree.

Oh the parson's daughter, oh she was there She had them all in fits  
Diving off the mantlepice and landing on her tits.

There was fucking in the laylofts fucking in the ricks  
You couldn't hear the m sic for the slushing of the pricks.

There was fucking in the barley fucking in the oats  
Some were fucking sheeps and some were fucking goats.

There was fucking in the hallways fucking on the stairs  
You couldn't see the carpet for the come and curly hairs

Oh the village idiot, Oh he was there seated by the fire  
Amusing himself with an Indea rubber time.

Oh the village blacksmith, of he was there his hammer and his awls,  
Talking to the countess and showing off his balls

Singing balls to your partner You ass against the wall  
If you never got laid on Saturday night you'll never get laid at all.

## COME ON AND JO IN THE AIR FORCE

Come on and join the Air Force, we've a happy band they say,  
We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day, while others work  
and study, and soon grow old and blind, we take to the air without a hard  
care and you will never mind.

(CHORUS)

You'll never mind---you'll never mind, so come on and join the Air  
Force and you will never mind.

Come on and get promoted--as high as you desire, You're riding on a gravy  
train if you're an Air Force flyer, Just bout the time you get to general  
you'll find you'll -----Your wings fall off, the dough rolls in  
But you will never mind.

You take it up and spin it, and with and awful tear, Your wings fall  
off, the ship spins in, but you will never, care, For in about a minute  
Jack, another pair you'll find, You'll dance with Pete in an Angel's suite  
But you will never mind.

While flying o'er the ocean, you hear your engine spit, You watch the  
prop come to a stop, the God Damn thing has quit, The ship went flost and you  
can't swim, the shore is far behind, Oh what a dish for the crabs and  
fish, But you will never mind.

I fly up to the Yalu, in my F-86, and here's one thing that you can send  
to congress in you TWX, I've only got one engine Jack, and if that bastards  
quits, it will be up there all by itself, cause I will shit and get.

And if some wily Mig 15 should shoot you down in flames, Don't sit  
around and belly ache and call that bastard named, Just hit the silk,  
its cream and milk and pretty soon you'll find, There is no hell and all  
is well and u u will never mind

Oh, your ass hole's like a shovelpipe, Nelly Darling, and the nipples  
On your tits are turning green. There's a million crabs abounding  
On your pussy. Your the biggest fucking bitch that I have ever seen.

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel, and when you piss  
You piss a stream as green as grass. There's enough wax in your ears  
to make a candle. So why not take one, OL R, AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS.

#### I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife yes I do, yes I do. I love her truly, I love the  
hole she pisses through, I love her ruby red lips, her lily white tits  
the hair around her ass hole, I'd carry her shit, champ, champ, champ  
champ---with a rusty spoon.

#### SAMMY SMALL

My name is Sammy Small, Fuck em all---My name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all  
My name is Sammy Small, and I've only got one ball, But that's  
better than none at all, FUCK EM ALL.  
They say I killed a man, fuck em all, They say I killed a man, fuck em all  
I hit him in the head with a fucking piece of lead, Now the silly  
fuckers dead.....FUCK EM ALL.

They say I've got to swing, fuck em all, they say I've got to swing  
from a fucking peice of string, What a silly fucking thing,,,,,  
FUCK EM ALL

The parson he will call, fuck em all, the parson he will come, in the  
fuck em all, the parson he will come, with his tales of kingform  
cong, he can shove 'em up his bum, FUCK EM ALL

I see Mollu in the crow, fuckem em all, I see Mollu in the crowd, and I feel so fucking  
proud. I'll shout right out.....FUCK EM ALL

#### ICE ON THE RICE

When the rice is in the rice in Old Tsuiki, and the sake in the celler  
starts to freeze, When you turn to her and say "My darling deze", then your are turning  
just a Soshi NIPPONESE.

#### LITTLE ANGELINE

She was sweet sixteen, she was the village queen, pure and innocent  
Angeline, She never had a thrill, Was a virgin still, but that's  
Poor little Angeline.  
They say I killed a man, fuck em all, They say I killed a man, fuck em all  
Now at the village fair, the squire was there, Masturbating on the  
village square, When he chanced to see, the dainty little knee,  
O poor little Angeline.

They say I've got to swing, fuck em all, they say I've got to swing  
So he raised his hat, and he said your cut, Has been ridden over  
and squashed quite flat, But it isn't too far, And I've got my car,  
Poor little Angeline.

The parson will call, fuck em all, the parson will come, in the  
Now they hadn't gone far, when he stopped the car, and dragged her into  
the nearest bar, Where he filled her with gin, To tempt her sin,  
Poor little Angeline

When he filled her quite well, He dragged her to a hell, where he attempted  
to give her hell, By trying his luck, at a low down fuck,  
Poor little Angeline.



POOR LITTLE ANGELINE  
(Con't)

With a cry of rape, he raised her cape, Poor little girlie there was no  
escape Unless some one came, To save the name of \_\_\_\_\_ Poor little Angeline

Now the blacksmith bold, had a heart of gold, Been her lover for years  
untold. And he promised to be true, And faithful too, \_\_\_\_\_ Poor little Angeline

But sad to say, on the same day, He had been sent to jail and there  
to stay, For coming in his pants, At the local dance, --- Poor little Angeline

Now the window of his cell overlooked the doll, Wherein the squire was givir  
her hell, As they lay upon the grass, He recognized the ass----  
Of poor little Angeline.

So with a mighty start and a mighty fart, Heblew the prison bars wide apart,  
And he ran like shit, Least the squire should split----Poor little Angeline

When he got to the spot, and he saw what was what, He tied the villian's  
penis in a knot, As he lay upon his guts, He got a kick in the nuts----  
From poor little Angeline.

Oh dear blacksmith bold, I love you true, I can tell your trousers that you  
you love me too. As I'm all undressed, You had better do the rest-----  
Said poor little Angeline.....

POOR LITTLE ANGELINE

(Con't)

VIOLATE ME

With a cry of rape, he raised her cape, and little girlie there was no  
escape Unless some one Violate me, in the violate time, \_\_\_\_\_ Poor little Angeline

In the vilest way that you know

Now the blacksmith is Ruin me ravish, brutally savage me lover for years  
untold. And he promised to and no mercy do I show, \_\_\_\_\_ Poor little Angeline

For I like a man who is lewd and lecherous.

But sad to say, on the same Give me a man who is crude and treacherous  
to stay, For coming i violate me in the viblete time, \_\_\_\_\_ Poor little Angeline

In the vilest way that you know-----

Now the window of his cell overlooked the doll, Wherein the squire was givir  
her hell, as they (TUNE ON DARTOWN STRUTTERS BALL) the ass----  
Of poor little Angeline.

Oh, we're gonna have a ball at the Mother - Humpers hall  
The witches & the bitches gonna be there All bid to prison bars wid. apart,  
Now dearie don't be late, there gonna pass out shit----Poor little Angeline  
pussy bout half past eight -

Now I've fucked in France & I've fucked in Spain I've even been  
Layed on th' coast of Main \_\_\_\_\_

But th' best piece I ever saw was when I humped my mother-in-law,

Last Sat night at the Mother-Humpers-Ball-

Oh dear blacksmith bold, I love you true, I can tell your trousers that you  
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*SONG: Misamorell from  
Anmore*

BALLAD TO THE 31ST SURVEY TEAM

3

1.

The best dam gunners in Feaf are here Parly Voo  
The best dam gunners in Feaf are here Parly Voo  
The best dam gunners in Feaf are here  
So everybody down their beer  
Rinky Dinky Parly Voo

2.

The 307th won the pot Parly Voo  
The 307th won the pot Parly Voo  
The 307th won the pot  
Because they are so gol-durn hot  
Rinky Dinky Parly Voo

3.

The 31st has won the meet Parly Voo  
The 31st has won the meet Parly Voo  
The 31st has won the meet  
The Migs are the only ones left to beat  
Rinky Dinky Parly Voo

4.

Dingee Dunham also shot Parly Voo  
Dingee Dunham also shot Parly Voo  
Dingee Dunham also shot  
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
(Who stole his glasses)  
Rinky Dinky Parly Voo

5.

Bobby Keen is top dog now Parly Voo  
Bobby Keen is top dog now Parly Voo  
Bobby Keen is top dog now  
He'll have to show the rest of us how  
Rinky Dinky Parly Voo

6.

The 308th went along for the ride Parly Voo  
The 308th went along for the ride Parly Voo  
The 308th went along for the ride  
Those three old men had better hide  
Rinky Dinky Parly Voo

7.

The 309th put on a good show Parly Voo  
The 309th put on a good show Parly Voo  
The 309th put on a good show  
Whenever they hit Tokyo  
Rinky Dinky Parly Voo

8.

Sixty four more days in the sun Parly Voo  
Sixty four more days in the sun Parly Voo  
Sixty four more days in the sun  
Watch out Albany here we come  
Rinky Dinky Parly Voo